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From Paper by MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT on "THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS; WHEN WRITTEN, HOW RECEIVED, ITS TRUE FORM."



WHATEVER revision may have been given to the address enroute or at Gettysburg, whatever changes or additions may have been made in its delivery, the address existed in its completed form before the President left Washington. There can be no doubt that he had given prolonged and earnest thought to the preparation of this address; he had had more than two weeks notice that he was desired to speak and although the demands upon his time

and attention were such as to allow him little opportunity for uninterrupted thought; he appreciated the momentousness of the occasion, he knew how much was expected of him, and what was due to the honored dead.

Abraham Lincoln did not depend upon the inspiration of the moment or rely upon his readiness as an impromptu speaker when he dedicated the Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg, for he had wrought and rewrought patiently until there came into perfect form the noblest tribute to a cause and its heroes ever rendered by human lips.

THE MEMORY OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM H. LAMBERT, CLASS OF 1859

Of the hundred years that have passed since the birth of Abraham Lincoln only fifty-six were covered by his life and of these less than ten compassed his conspicuously prominent career. But so crowded were these few years that the many that have followed have not sufficed for the telling of their story. His dramatic death,—the deep damnation of his taking off,—the sudden plunge from the crest of victory to the depth of despair, from the rejoicing over Appomattox to the lamentation of the fifteenth of April, the awful calamity called forth such manifestation of sorrow as the world had never seen, for never before had a nation's grief been so personal. It sought expression in myriad ways; in the cities, where his confined body lay in state great crowds waited hours that they might look upon his face; in town and country by day and by night multitudes thronged the

lines of railway—standing with bared heads as the funeral train went by. Buildings draped in black—emblems of mourning everywhere present, while churches and halls echoed with eulogies of the Martyr President, as preacher and orator and poet vied in effort to voice the people's woe.

The personal note of sorrow was sounded by Whitman:

"My Captain does not answer, his lips
are pale and still;

My Father does not feel my arm, he has
no pulse nor will;

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done;

From fearful trip the victor ship comes
in with object won

Exult O Shores! and ring O Bells!

But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck, my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead."

Lowell writing later, in calmer mood

uttered the national thought and analyzing the character and elemental greatness of the dead leader, prophesied his ultimate fame in language that seemed audacious because spoken while Grant, Farragut, Sherman, Thomas, Meade and Sheridan were still with us in the fullness of their deserved fame, but the poet looking beyond them declared:

"Great Captains with their guns and drums

Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes:

These all are gone and standing like
a tower

Our children shall behold his fame

The kindly, earnest, brave foreseeing
man,

Sagacious, patient, dreading praise,
not blame

New birth of our new soil, the first
American.

The nearness and the intensity of the loss might well exaggerate the sense of its greatness and excuse extravagance of utterance, but the passing years so far from witnessing a reaction in judgment have approved it thus vindicating the poet's foresight and verified his inspiration. Time that dulls the smart of all wounds, the rapid passing of the generation that endured the war and bewailed the fallen chief have largely eliminated the element of personal loss, but his memory has in no wise dimmed, his fame has in no whit abated. The circumstances of his early life have been laid bare, all sources of information have been scrutinized microscopically, the memory and imagination of those who knew him, or thought they did, have been taxed to the utmost, his early words, spoken and written, have been rescued from shadowy tradition and obscurity of desk and closet. No recur-

ring anniversary of his birth has failed of celebration, no year since his death has been without its biography. But the most intimate revelation of his life, and of his foibles and limitations has not loosened his rightful hold upon the love and admiration of his countrymen.

Memorials by thousands in books and pamphlets, in statues and busts, in paintings and engravings, in the names of towns and streets and of parks and buildings, testify how wide and how enduring is the appreciation of his memory.

How wondrous was his career! From the humblest and most unpromising beginnings he attained the height of fame; he wielded imperial power without abusing it, never for personal aggrandisement but only for the public good; he conducted a stupendous war to its triumphant close and in words that will be immortal gave to the object of the war, its most eloquent and adequate expression; he beheld the fulfillment of his own prophecy and by destroying the cause of danger saved the national edifice and founded it upon rock; without losing the gentleness that made him great he passed through a conflict of unsurpassed bitterness, in which he was vilified and denounced as buffoon and tyrant, and as that conflict drew to its close he declared himself with malice toward none and with charity for all. He led his people to victory and dying, constrained his enemies to acknowledge that next to their own defeat the greatest disaster that had befallen them was the death of him who had defeated them. Well may we cherish the great President's memory as our choicest heritage and in our just pride in his life rejoice than in the Nations supremest need, God gave us Abraham Lincoln.